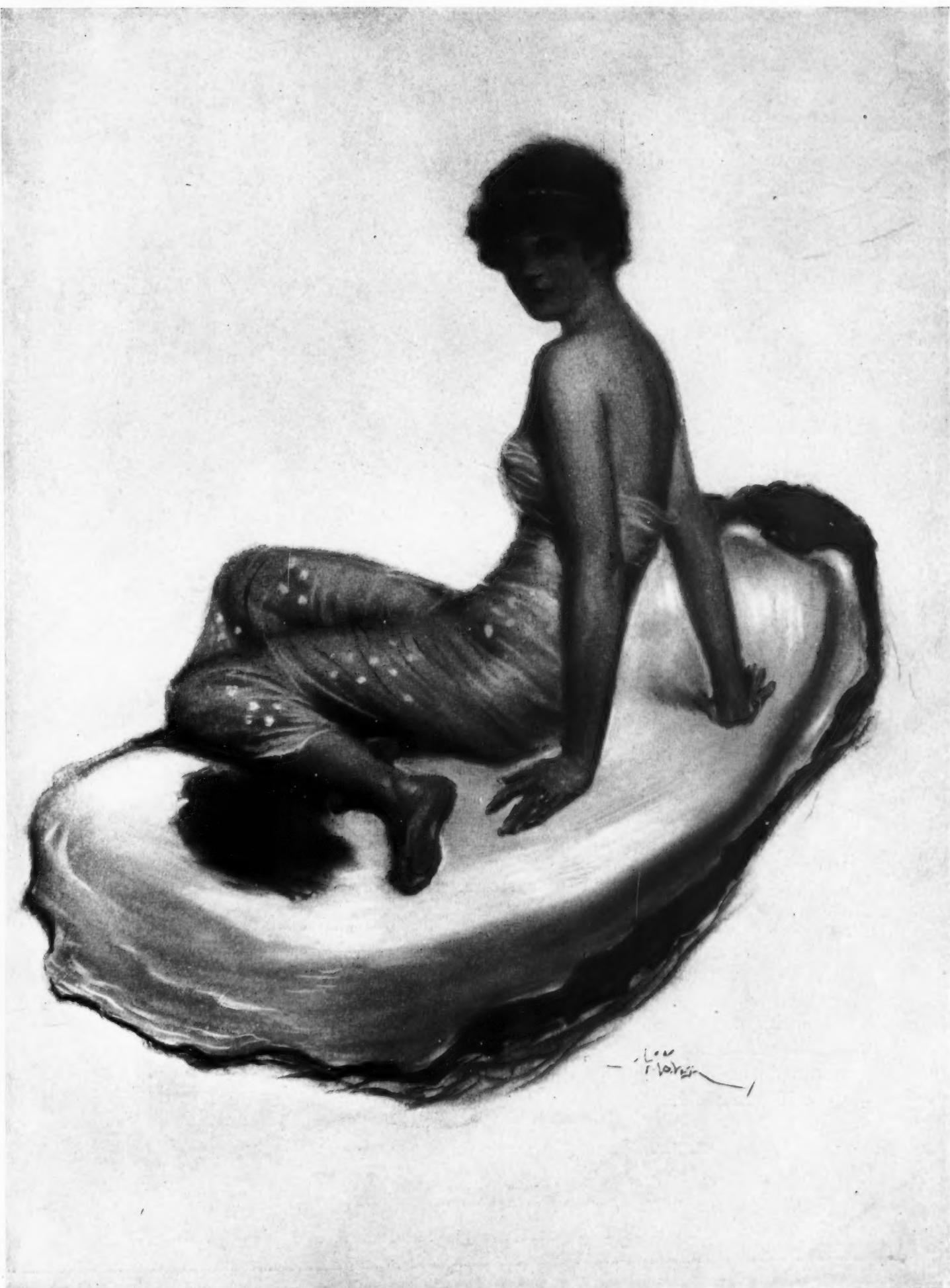


# Puck

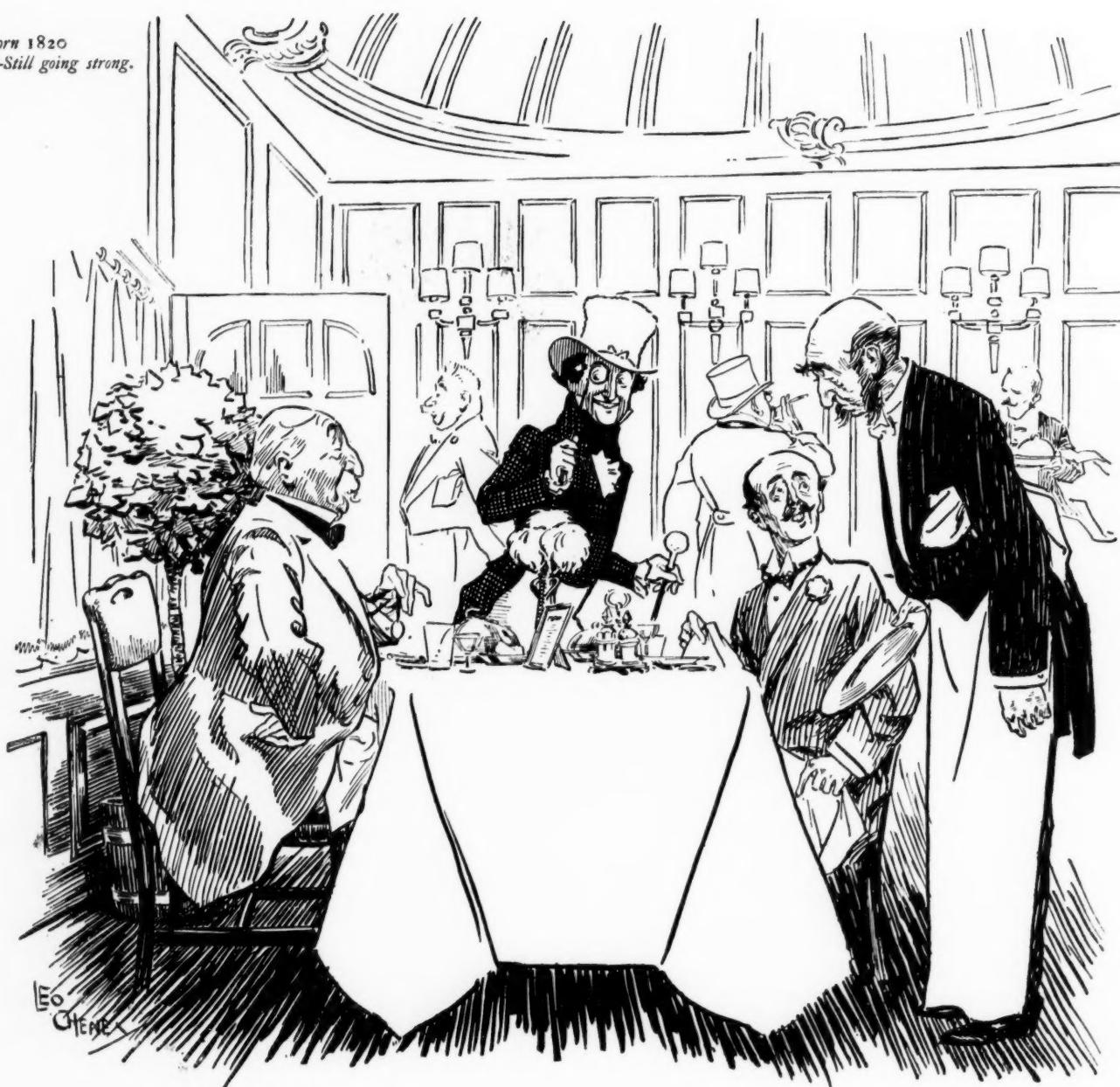
WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 27, 1915  
PRICE TEN CENTS



THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER

PAINTED BY LOU MAYER

Born 1820  
—Still going strong.



*Mr. Unsophisticated (to waiter) : "WHISKY, PLEASE."*

*Mr. Wiseman : "MY DEAR FELLOW, NEVER SAY THAT. THE MAN WHO SIMPLY ORDERS 'WHISKY' DESERVES WHAT HE GETS—BUT THE MAN WHO ORDERS 'JOHNNIE WALKER' IN THE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE GETS WHAT HE DESERVES."*

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# What will this war cost England in men and money and resources?

Lloyd-George, the most brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer that England has ever had, answers this question in Collier's for February 27th. It is the most striking article that has yet appeared in connection with this war, for, after all, war is an economic question. England went in with her eyes open.

What will she gain?  
What will she lose?  
"Lloyd-George Counts the Cost" in this week's

**Collier's**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

426 West 13th Street, New York City

5¢ a copy



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

### A Treat in Store for Picture Lovers Next Week

Now that we've gotten into our stride on the rotarygravure section, you may look for some notable work in this fascinating method of reproduction. Next week we begin in this section a series of striking photographs by Mrs. Annie W. Brigman, of Oakland, Cal., who has accomplished extraordinary results in posing her subjects in the open sunshine of the Golden State. Indeed, so free were these figures in their naturalness that it was first thought they were taken in a specially designed studio, but we assure our readers that *Puck*'s collection was secured in the open, beside real streams, real trees, and in real fields. It may be worthy of comment in passing to note the fact that *Puck*'s rotarygravure section is produced by means of the best presses yet developed. There have been endless methods of rotarygravure introduced in this country, but *Puck*'s section is the product of the process favored by the leading English and German periodicals that have brought the art to its present state of perfection. The international atmosphere of next week's *Puck* is maintained by the presence of "The Flower Battle," a Wennerberg (from Munich) of marked merit, and a color page by Will Houghton (of London). Thus Germany and England appear hand in hand in *Puck*'s pages at least, and American art finds able representation in a double-page etching by Raymond C. Ewer—in many ways the ablest bit of work he has done for *Puck*.

### In the Current Issue

Readers who revel in brilliant satire may seek far before they find a more prolific source of laughter as this week's "Puppet Shop," in which Mr. Nathan is found in his merriest mood. Another notable feature this week is the splendid reproduction of Mr. F. Luis Mora's \$1,500 canvas on page 17. Many readers inform us that they have begun scrap-books of *Puck*'s prints, especially since the establishment of the rotarygravure section. Mrs. Brigman's series, beginning next week, presents an exceptional opportunity for starting an attractive book of worthwhile prints that will be found of ever-increasing interest.

### If You Receive *Puck* by Mail

The wrappers now used on *Puck* contain a thread running their entire length, which, being pulled, opens the wrapper without danger to the number within. Look for the thread along the black rule, find the little tab at either end, and pull.

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Black Pearls	Baron De Meyer
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"Hence, Vile Creature!"	K. R. Chamberlain

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The News in Rhyme	(Illustrated by Merle Johnson)	Dana Burnet
On the Other Hand	(Illustrated by Hy Mayer)	Simeon Strunsky
Weakness		Ted Robinson

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## GRINIGRAMS

"I am a film fan," confesses Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora. Congratulations to the compositor and the proofreader on their self-control. How distressing if the line had read: "I am a film-flam." And yet—

"Our losses were not severe, but the enemy suffered heavily."  
—War news.

Extract from any German, English, French, Austrian, Servian or Russian despatch.

There is one thing to be thankful for, anyway. The Congressional Committee which is to look into the merits of the Cook-Peary pole row is not apt to "junket" to the arctic regions at the public expense.

Eighteen hundred secret distilleries have been discovered in Russia since the decree was issued prohibiting the sale of Vodka. Shellac is growing in favor as a beverage. It looks as if Russia would make as big a success of Prohibition as that dear denatured Maine.

"Since I entered this Chamber no man has been the keeper of my conscience."  
—Senator Clapp.

Not a bad idea, just the same. Think how many more jobs there would be for the faithful if every public official, federal, state, and local, could appoint a conscience-keeper.

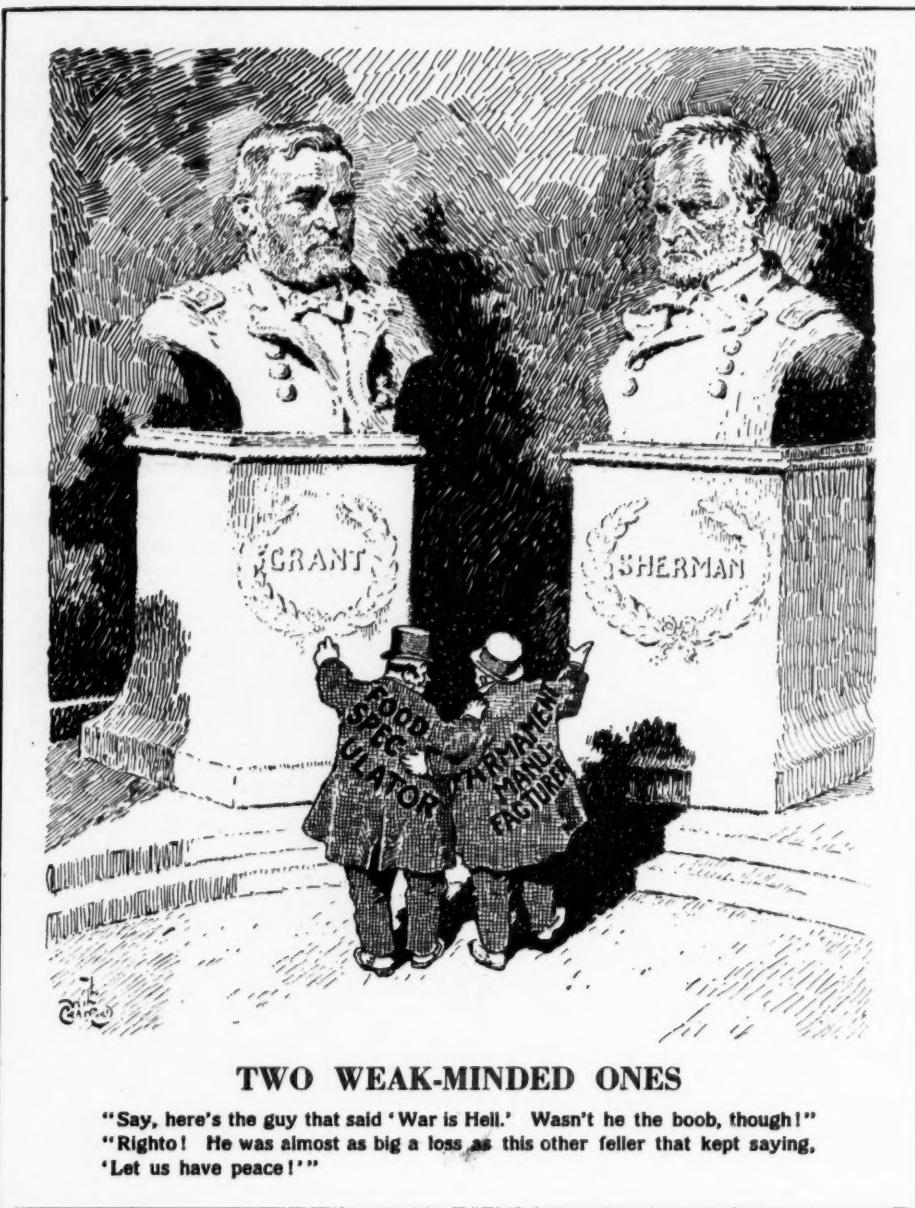
Lawyer killed by gas, says a headline. Poetic justice.

Writes an automobile manufacturer: "Every dollar expended in motor-cars is just so much money contributed to the general prosperity of the country." This axiom should be framed and hung where the Bread Line can see it. It would do much to make them warm—especially under the collar.



### TO QUIET THE NERVES

DR. PERKINS: If you are feeling at all nervous, Uncle, I would recommend this as a sedative.



### TWO WEAK-MINDED ONES

"Say, here's the guy that said 'War is Hell.' Wasn't he the boob, though!"  
"Righto! He was almost as big a loss as this other feller that kept saying,  
'Let us have peace!'"

Advocating a call to the Rev. Billy Sunday to come and "save" Brooklyn, a prominent Brooklynite remarks: "There is something lacking in our church life here." True; there is. Practically none of Brooklyn's clergy ever addresses his congregation as "You miserable mutts."

When the Senate discovers the source of that \$1,000,000 Penrose election fund, it might at the same time dig up a few more potent reasons for that Republican "victory" last November.

A soulful person rises to remark that "the house in which a man lives should be an outward symbol of his soul, interpreting him to the world." We get you. If, for instance, a man lives in a two-family house, it is an outward symbol that he is leading a double life.

"The mine-owners own the courts, the lawyers, and it's my opinion that they hold a mortgage on God Almighty Himself."  
—Mother Jones.

No, Mother. The mine-owner "to whom God in His infinite wisdom entrusted the property interests of the country" is dead.

Henry Clews says that the end of hard times is in sight. Which end, Henry?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—C. Mason Griffin filed suit to-day for \$1,500 damages, charging that "four actresses committed an assault upon him with intent to kiss" and that one of the "Rosebuds," as the troupe terms itself, "actually succeeded in kissing him."

And to think that this occurred in the city of which Hero Hobson is a temporary resident!

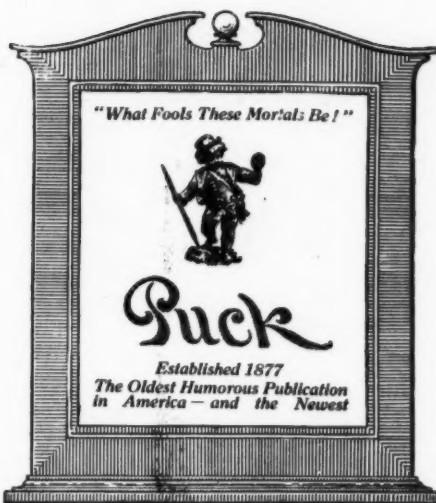
Thus begins T. R. in his new editorial outlet, *The Metropolitan*:

"In 1903 a shameless and sordid attempt was made by the then dictator of Colombia and his subordinate fellow-politicians at Bogota to force the United States by scandalously improper tactics to pay a vastly larger sum for the privilege of building the Panama Canal than had been agreed upon in a solemn treaty."

The ravages of South American fever robbed the doughty colonel of none of his adjectival fecundity.

BOSTON.—An effort to revive an ancient "blue law" prohibits the smoking in waiting rooms, parks, playgrounds or in any part of a hotel open to the public or upon the common parts of a public conveyance.

We predicted it some weeks ago, but we thought Richmond Pearson Hobson would beat Boston to it!



VOL. LXXVII. NO. 1982. WEEK ENDING FEB. 27, 1915

### SUFFRAGE'S SILVER LINING

Even the most ardent advocates of Woman Suffrage have, doubtless, at times felt that their cause had not yet emerged from the shadows of doubt. All such uncertainty may now be swept aside; for in two full columns of smugness, the New York *Times* has explained its reasons for opposing equal franchise. It now requires only the united opposition of the Boston *Transcript*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the Washington *Post* to ensure the triumph of woman's enfranchisement.

A careful analysis reveals but three men who fear the presence of women at the polls. The first is the ward-heeler, who resents the intrusion of any element of respectability into American politics. The second is the political office-holder, who merely echoes his master's voice. The third is the editor, who, for reasons best known to himself, prefers to keep the before-mentioned gentlemen in positions of power and pelf. Collectively, they form a precious trio.

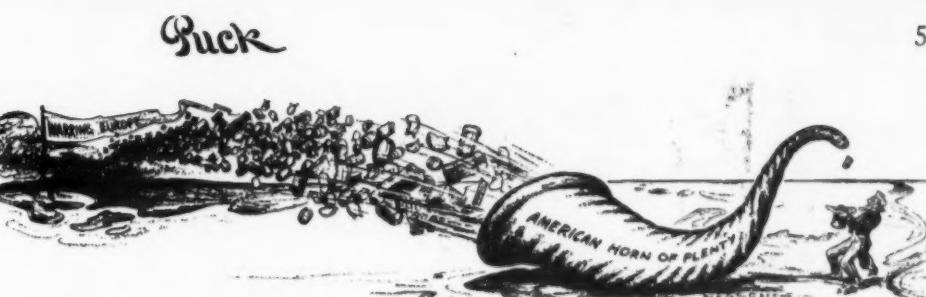
As most suffragists know, the legislature of New York State has agreed to submit the question of equal suffrage for the citizens to vote upon at the next election. Hence the wail of the *Times*:

"The answer of New York State to this long pending query should be forcible and definite. The proposed amendment to the State Constitution should be voted down by such a majority of the voters as to deprive the advocates of an objectionable and unreasonable derangement of the political and social structure of any further hope of success in this State."

At last, we have discovered the cardinal sin in lifting women out of the felon-class. It is a "derangement of the political and social structure." What a derangement there was in the political and social structure of the terrain of one George III when a little body of determined men assembled in Philadelphia and decided that thereafter they would exercise a voice in their own affairs! It requires no exceptional elasticity of the imagination to picture the *Times'* horror at this unwarranted assumption of authority on the part of a handful of His Majesty's subjects, if it had been published in those days. And, again, what an overthrow of the established order of things there was when that rough and uncouth fellow Lincoln decided that a man might cast a ballot though he be as black as the ace of spades!

But, let us get back to the *Times*:

"The growth of what is vaguely called the feminist movement has already had alarming results. Moral laxities which used to be regarded with abhorrence are too frequently extenuated. The hackneyed cry



that 'what is right for the man is also right for the woman' is heard continually. It is specious, shameless, unrighteous. Nothing was ever right in a man's conduct which was not moral and consistent with the laws of God and man. There is no good word to say for loose living by either sex. It is the feeblest and wickedest argument for an 'increased freedom' for women (the phrase is common property) that some men are immoral. But it is one heard too often, and one, we are constrained to predict, which will be heard more frequently, uttered more vociferously, if the right to vote is extended to women."

What fatuity, to drag into a political discussion a slur upon modern womanhood! To attribute motives of moral laxity to earnest women seeking the ballot is "specious, shameless, unrighteous." Nothing more ungracious, more unchivalrous, has been said of Woman Suffrage, save the torrent of abuse recently indulged in by an ignoramus in Congress, and afterwards expunged from the *Congressional Record*. Such attacks have done much to advance the cause of equal suffrage; they constitute the milestones that mark the march of progress.

Every step forward in government flushes a covey of conservatives. "Preserve the established order," they cry. It matters not that the established order is inefficient, weak, dishonest; it must be preserved at all cost.

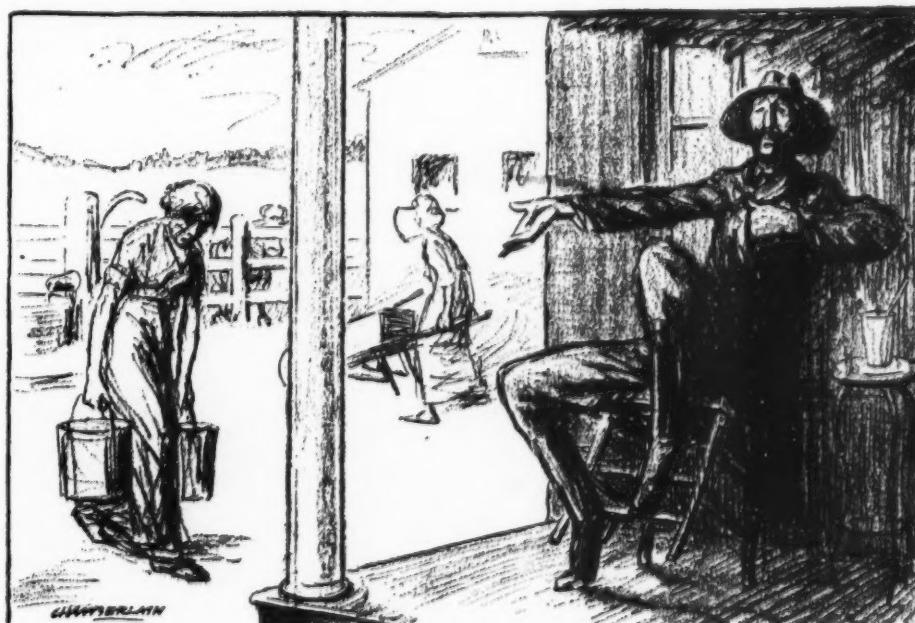
"Let the agitators for Woman Suffrage answer one question. Is it worth while to subvert the whole order of human society by putting women to do men's work?"

Yes, it is worthwhile to overturn the whole order of human society—even if it were many times as important as the *Times* thinks it is—if, in the overturning, we are to leaven our present unpalatable man-made politics with the salt of woman's decency. Man has not been a conspicuous success in handling the ballot. He has sent men to office who could not measure up to the intellectual standard of his office-boy. The result has been an avalanche of the most ludicrous legislation ever passed in the history

of this or any other country. Public funds have been squandered shamelessly; fraud has run riot; incompetence has been nursed in high places. If man points with pride to his voting record, we can well understand the mental operation of the gentleman who denies to his wife the privilege he gladly grants his stableboy.

After equal suffrage is an established fact, the *Times* will find it easy to settle down to an enjoyment of the new order of things. It was a terrible wrench to substitute the steam-engine for the stage-coach, and even Dr. Bell had a hard time getting some folks to talk into a dinky little box and hear their friend's voice at the other end of the wire.

Truth is never told in form more compact than in the saying that business is business, and it is pleasant to learn, on the authority of Mr. J. P. Morgan, that Big Business is also business, unembarrassed by sentiment or emotion. Testifying before the Commission on Industrial Relations, Mr. Morgan intimated that directors of large companies are not much concerned with labor conditions; certainly no more than they are with the condition of machinery. Directors do not express constant interest in the condition of machinery at mine or mill, so why should they express constant interest in the condition of men? Machinery of iron and steel, machinery of flesh and blood—it is all one. If the work is done to the owners' satisfaction, then the condition of the machinery which produced it is presumed to be good. If not, then doubtless there is something wrong with the machinery—either with belt or shaft or pulley, or perhaps with the little hands of children. When any of the machinery wears out, there is always the scrap-heap—one of iron and steel, one of flesh and blood. No sentiment. No emotion. Business.



IN THE LAND OF COTTON

"Woman Suffrage? No, seh! Our women are protected by true Southern chivalry, seh!"



*It was good to be out with Rosemary*

## ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

By A. A. MILNE, of London

Illustrated by W. E. HILL

### V.—Sunday in the Country

I don't know if you have ever been in love. If you have, you will understand how wonderful it is to wake up in the morning and realize suddenly that she, the beloved one, is for the first time under the same roof as yourself. No hopeless prayers that there shall be a letter from her to-day; no lingering forlorn in the Park on the chance that she will pass. You have only to dress and go down to breakfast, and there she is bound to be. Very likely she will ask you to pass the marmalade. Could anything be more delightful?

"What would you like to do?" asked Mr. Daintry, after breakfast.

"Well—" I said, doubtfully.

"You must do whatever you like," he said, and retired to the library.

"What father really means," explained Rosemary, "is, do you want to go to church or not? He doesn't mean, would you rather go up in an aeroplane, or play polo, or swim the Channel? So, if there's anything like that which you want to do, you must be polite and forget about it. I told you there was nothing to do here, didn't I?"

"Yes, but I like doing nothing. Is there a church anywhere about?"

"There is one about three miles away."

"Well, I should love not going to that."

"It's early Norman," said Rosemary, reproachfully.

"Then we should certainly be too late for it. Let's go take a walk and you can show me all the sights. We can admire the church cautiously from the outside on our way back."

Rosemary nodded. "In half an hour, then. I must put on a shorter skirt or I shall be one of the sights myself."

And so, half an hour later, we started.

"I ought to warn you," I said, "I know very little about the country. I don't know if a cuckoo-wort is a bird or a—a wort."

"What is a cuckoo-wort?" said Rosemary.

"That's just it, I don't know. But I feel it must be something. And probably to-day's just the day when it will be in flower, I mean in song. So, if I don't say anything about it, you mustn't think that I don't admire it. May I borrow a stick of Mr. Daintry's, in case we're attacked by anything?"

"Here you are. Now where shall we go?"

"Anywhere. 'Round and 'round the stables. I don't mind a bit on a day like this."

"I thought we might try Pulman's Gap."

"Do let's. And then if it turns out that there isn't such a place we can come home again."

We set off hopefully. Gap or no Gap, it was good to be out with Rosemary.

"Don't you really know much about the country?" she asked, suddenly.

"I know more about London."

She looked at me with a smile.

"Really, I know very little about you, don't I?"

"Name of Denny," I explained.

"Yes, that's almost all I'm sure of."

"Christian name, William; commonly called Billy. This leads to a huge joke. When people say to you: 'Do you know Billy Denny?' you answer: 'Yes, isn't that the stuff people put into their eyes?' Thus causing great merriment."

"Go on."

"What else is there? Publications; 'The Road to —'. No, I feel sure I've mentioned that before. It's a funny thing how the conversation always comes 'round to my book. I try desperately hard to avoid it. I start talking about the most unlikely things, such as cuckoo-worts, but, somehow, I always end up with the name of my publishers. And yet I am not a conceited man. I —"

"Have you written any other books?"

"I am writing one. Mr. William Denny is at present engaged upon a full-length novel. It's rather exciting. You just go on until you're

stuck, and then you begin a new chapter, with 'Meanwhile —' Life is rather jolly, don't you think?"

"It's heavenly," said Rosemary. "What made you suddenly say so?"

"Oh, just the weather and the country and talking to *you* and talking about myself . . . I don't see what else one wants."

Rosemary was silent.

"I wish you'd tell me something," I said after a pause.

"Perhaps I will; what is it?"

"When they christened you Rosemary, how did they know you were going to look like Rosemary when you grew up?"

Rosemary looked at me utterly astonished. And yet it was a simple enough question.

"When they christened you Rosemary," I began again —

She gave a little laugh and turned away. "That's Pulman's Gap over there," she said.

I took my hat off to it.

"I suppose," I went on, "they gave you a name like Madge as well, to fall back upon? And then they thought you'd be safe either way."

She continued to look over the fields at Pulman's Gap.

"I just wanted to know," I said humbly.

Rosemary turned 'round to me with a pleasant smile.

"I'm sorry," she said; "but you took me by surprise. I didn't know we were talking about *me*, I thought you were telling about yourself."

(O, Rosemary, Rosemary, I am telling you about myself now — and you know it.)

"Myself?" I said. "Well, I give you my nurse's verdict. Master William may not be handsome nor clever — to speak of — but he has got a cheek."

Rosemary laughed.

"I agree with some of that," she said.

(To be continued)

### THE ART OF CONVERSATION

The scholarly-looking gentleman in the 1911 dress-suit found himself told off to entertain a young lady who affected the garb of the star of a frisky musical comedy. He eyed her dubiously and made several false starts, but the girl, while distinctly down to the minute, was palpably not one of these blasé creatures who cannot be interested in anything. So he plucked up courage and got going.

"Perhaps you will pardon me," he began, "if I talk about a little hobby of mine, an art pre-eminent in the past but now somewhat neglected. I allude to the art of conversation. The art of conversation was perfected to a high degree by our grandfathers, and particularly by our grandmothers. The salon idea, to my mind, was based entirely on it."

The young lady was politely interested.

"Well, what do you know about that?" she responded, brightly.

"But amid the bustle and rush of modern life the art of conversation has fallen into desuetude. Conversation does not soar to the heights it once knew, when noble thoughts were clothed in adequate language. We have descended to the trite and to the colloquial. In fact modern conversation might, without injustice, be deemed trivial."

"Oh, fierce."

"What do we discuss—literature, music, philosophy? Modern conversation deals rather with dress, fads, current foibles, even the weather."

"Can you beat it?" breathed his companion, soulfully. Her attention was certainly all that could be desired.

But he felt that there was something lacking. He sighed and resumed his theme.

"I have been thinking that the art of conversation might possibly be rejuvenated. Occasionally, when in society, I have even made experiments to that end. Results have not been gratifying. I fear the art of conversation is lost beyond recall."

Woman is ever a consoler.

"We should worry," she assured him with some feeling, and steered him off in the direction of the fox-trotters.

### THE LIMIT

**WILLIS:** I just bought a new magnifying-glass, the most powerful kind known.

**GILLIS:** Can you distinguish an atom with it?

**WILLIS:** Easily. You can even read the fine print in the restrictions of an accident-policy.



THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

IN BOHEMIA

**TEMPERAMENTAL FEMALE:** Do Billy's poems net him much?

**TEMPERAMENTAL MALE:** Oh, about one new wife a year!

### YEAH? YEAH!

**ARGUMENT.**—It's the most expressive word in the English language. You are dressing in the locker-room of your favorite gymnasium and on either side of you—like birds calling to each other in the night—rise two presumably human voices.

**FIRST VOICE:** How is the grub where you are?

**SECOND VOICE:** All right.

**FIRST (rising inflection):** Yeah?

**SECOND (settling the matter):** Yeah. (Pause.)

**SECOND:** How's grub where you are?

**FIRST:** Rotten!

**SECOND (inquiringly):** Yeah?

**FIRST (unwaveringly):** Yeah. (Pause.)

**FIRST:** Johnson eatin' at your place yet?

**SECOND:** Naw, he's gone.

**FIRST (with scientific desire for accuracy):** Yeah?

**SECOND (without hesitation but regretfully):** Yeah. (Pause.)

**SECOND:** He was a good guy.

**FIRST:** Who?

**SECOND:** Johnson.

**FIRST (pleased if the information is correct):** Yeah?

**SECOND (with reminiscent admiration):** Yeah. (Pause.)

**FIRST:** How's everything coming?

**SECOND:** All right.

**FIRST (courteously polite):** Yeah?

**SECOND (suggesting that it's been a hard struggle but that he is still in the ring):** Yeah. (Pause.)

**SECOND:** How's everything coming with you?

**FIRST:** All right.

**SECOND (patronizingly):** Yeah?

**FIRST (without compromise):** Yeah. (Driving the point home as he starts up the stairs) Yeah.

(Meditatively at the top of the stairs) Yeah. (Reassuring himself as his voice dies away in the distance) Yeah.

### HIGHBROW GLOSSARY

**Doing Something with One's Life.**—Doing nothing in particular, but doing it very earnestly.

**Advanced Thinker.**—A rapid talker.

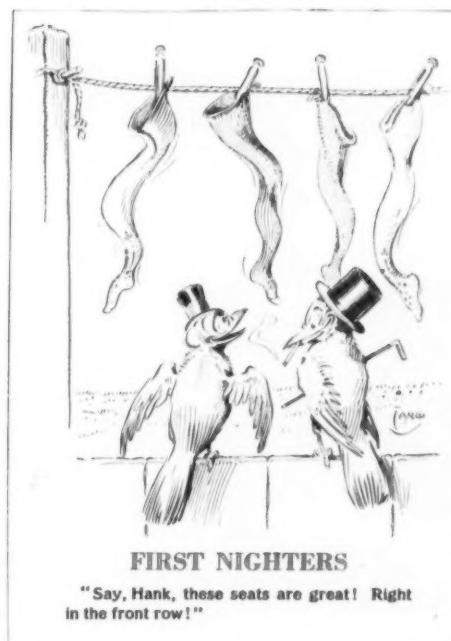
**Art.**—A nice-sounding word to say.

**Socialism, Anarchy.**—Same as Art.

**Temperament.**—A useful but obsolete word; up-to-the-minute equivalents: *Expressing Individuality*; *Being One's Self*.

**Liberal.**—One who says the word "Sex" right out loud before company.

**S.**—The sacred scarabee of Roycroft, a workshop where all the great geniuses who died that Elbert Hubbard might live are confined in vellum and leather.



Puck



A CABINET MEETING

By HY MAYER

Puck



FACT AND FICTION

"What is the difference between a romance and a scandal?"  
"Oh, one is nicely bound, and printed on a better grade of paper, that's all, dear."

Puck



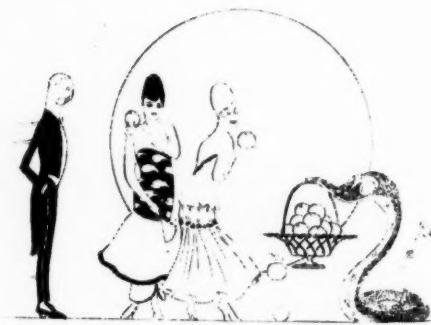
## MODESTY

When every pool in Eden was a mirror  
That unto Eve her dainty charms proclaimed,  
She went undraped without a single fear or  
Thought that she had need to be ashamed.

'Twas only when she'd eaten of the apple  
That she became inclined to be a prude,  
And found that evermore she'd have to grapple  
With the much debated problem of the nude.

Thereafter she devoted her attention,  
Her time and all her money to her clothes;  
And that was the beginning of convention,  
And modesty as well, so I suppose.

Reaction's come about in fashions recent  
Now girls conceal so little from the men,  
It would seem that in the name of all that's decent,  
Some one ought to pass the apples 'round again

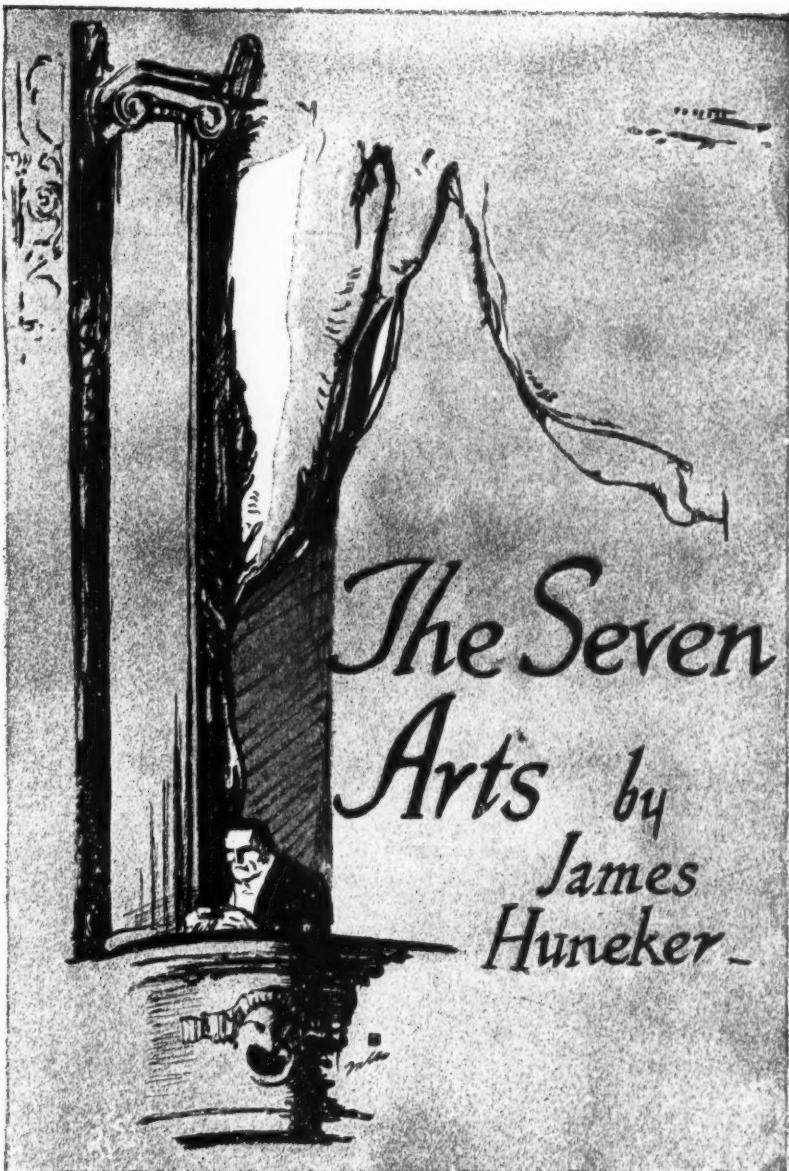


**"Androcles and the Lion"**

Granville Barker came, produced, and conquered. He came over from London Town to Wallack's Theatre, and showed us Bernard Shaw's Fable Play, "Androcles and the Lion," and New York saw the jokes, and was taken captive. Really, I am beginning to believe that Mr. Shaw enjoys playing the "low-brow," just as I am confident he knows more about building a play than he usually puts into the practice thereof. He turns out playlets, stage pamphlets, full-fledged farces, almost monthly. A failure doesn't disconcert him, for it gives him a chance to write open letters to the newspapers; even when he bags a success he writes to them. And Mr. Shaw had a hard time with his critics, both lay and ecclesiastic, when he presented, under the skillful captaincy of Mr. Barker, his animal and Christians at the St. James's Theatre, London. The playwright was accused of subverting history, so as to pour out his contempt upon the practices of early Christianity. His best friends on the English press told him the play wasn't worthy of his "great powers." (Shaw, like many another dramatist, always discovers that he once had these powers in former works, not in the one of the moment.) Finally, after a run of a few months, not a bad record as the London theatres go, the piece was withdrawn because the public failed to appear at the hour advertised. All of which betrays a lack of humor in press and public alike, because "Androcles and the Lion" is vastly amusing. It was so labelled by the audience at the American production, though I suppose the charge of blasphemy is bound to bob up.

**The Lion** qualities are not always encountered at one and the same time. Fancy Aesop collaborating with Voltaire and Shaw, and you have a recipe for the concoction. The lion wounded by a splinter, the good samaritan, Androcles, a bit of a bore; the martyrs who valiantly run away from impending martyrdom when they get a chance; and the arena scene, with the distracted Emperor, the grateful lion—who, in Androcles, recognizes his benefactor, and refuses to bother him and make of him a howling Roman holiday—these, and a dozen minor incidents make, if not for dramatic unity, anyhow, for laughter. In every play by Shaw he betrays his pet obsessions. In Androcles we get the "cruelty to animals" motive, sounded as a thematic fanfare; also, the hatred of the heroic, and the tuning down of the pegs of martyrdom, religious sincerity, and the cowardly courage of primitive Christians. A sensible person will smile at Mr. Shaw's footnotes to the "Book of Martyrs"—just as sensible Irish people smiled at the thrusts in "The Playboy of the Western World"; but "professional" Irishmen raised ructions over Synge's satire, and some pious folk in England took his fable in deadly earnest, wrote offensive open letters, and buttonholed bishops, members of parliament, and other important bores. Naturally, the author was in the seventh heaven of advertising, though it failed to keep his fable on the boards, notwithstanding the superior acting and picturesque stage settings. These were duplicated at Wallack's, though the cast was not quite the same.

**The Acting** In London, the real hero, the Lion, not Androcles, was admirably mimicked by Edward Sillward, here by Phil Dwyer, and a comical beast he was. O. P. Heggie, no longer a



By C. B. FALLS

stranger "in our midst," was Androcles, the timid tailor. There could be none better. The "handsome captain" was that seasoned veteran, Ben Webster; in New York we saw Ian Maclaren in the role. The London Ferrovius, a strong part, and a caricature of St. Paul, literally, was wonderfully impersonated by Ballo Holloway; here by Lionel Braham, sufficiently strenuous. The Emperor here was Walter Creighton; abroad, Leon Quartermaine. And so on. But Lillah McCarthy, as Lavinia, duplicated her London performance. Yet, winning as is her personality, and finished as is her art, she is not altogether convincing, through no fault of her own; her role, that of a faint-hearted "convert," is hardly a plausible one. Her elocution, like that of so many of the younger English actresses, patterns after Ellen Terry's gasping staccato—of course, I mean the Terry of the latter years. Miss Terry's voice was, in her prime, of exceeding charm; her mannerisms grew apace with the years. Unfortunately some of the present day English women on the stage copy her imperfections, as so many actors fell under the fatal influence of Henry Irving, and mimicked his vicious tone-production, stammering diction and grotesque gait. Richard Mansfield, for example, whose speech was positively syncopated, whose gestures were often like those of a marionette in the clutches of a nightmare. Yet, Mansfield had a sonorous vocal organ, and was an actor born, not made. Irving was his artistic disaster. However, Miss McCarthy is so gracious a temperament, in appearance so handsome, that it is a trifle hypercritical to point out her imperfections. The arena—we are only given a glimpse of it—is the best episode in this episodical extravaganza. The superstitious fears of the emperor, who discerns a miracle in the exit of the lion, dancing with Androcles (and who shall dare say that the sceptical Shaw hasn't worked a "miracle"? ) are all set before us with rare humor. "Androcles and the Lion" is preceded by a curtain-raiser by Anatole France, bearing the title of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"—obviously an impossibility, but made palpable by the easy, fugitive, and ironical art of the gentle Anatole. This trifle was well done by Mr. Barker's trained company of players.

I haven't the remotest notion what Rejane *At Other Theatres* would make of Berthe Tregnier, the part assumed by Ethel Barrymore in Dario Niccodemi's "The Shadow," at the Empire Theatre, for the supersubtle French artiste has so many histrionic strings to pull when she invests a character with her protean personality, that we can never postulate her "reading" in advance. But I do know that Miss Barrymore has a grateful character role, which she will mold into something strong and sincere as she continues. At present we hear the creaking of the mechanism; there is, obviously, too much "acting" and not enough genuine interpretation. As in "Mid-Channel," this favorite actress is a trifle self-conscious, due, no doubt, to the nervousness of a first-night (though I saw her at a matinee), and also from the responsibility of an important role. The story is well told by Niccodemi—and is said to have been written for Rejane. The translation is rather heavy-going, recalling to me the sometimes cumbersome phraseology of Charles Klein. What the French dramatist's style may be, I can't say; surely he must write with a lighter pen than his translators, even if the coloring of the piece borders on an implacable gloom. "The Shadow" is for the theatre-goer

(Continued on page 20)

Guck

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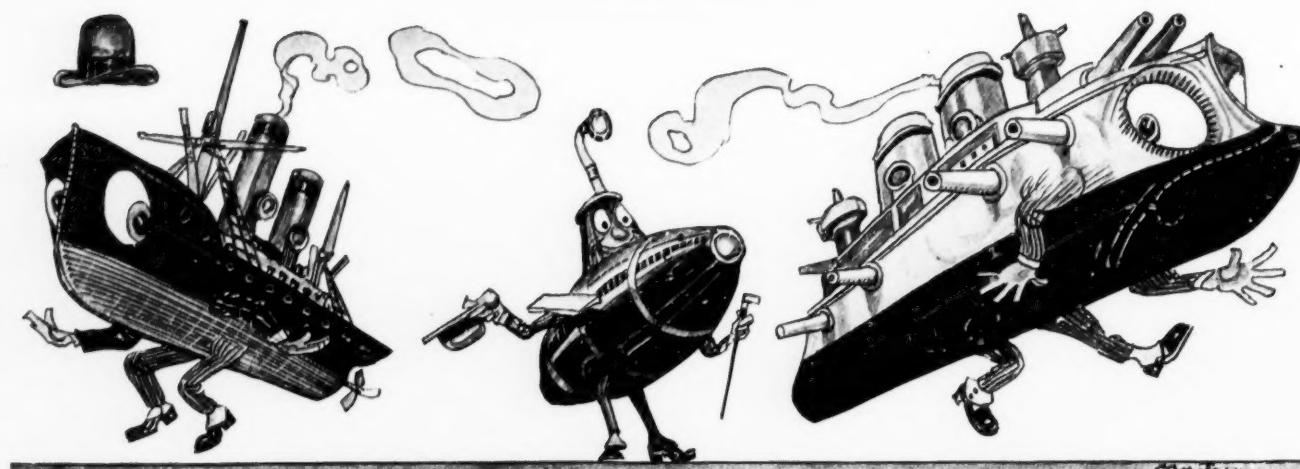
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Puck



## THE NEWS IN RIME

*Verses by DANA BURNET**Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON*

N. Y. pronounced the Spanish Dance  
Its favorite diversion;  
The Teuton fleet is practising  
The art of Armed Submersion.  
The first authentic violet  
Was hailed by all the papers;  
The price of ice  
Is scarcely nice,  
And beef is cutting capers.

The Monte Carlo gate receipts  
Have shrunk to simple fractions;  
There is no hell, the pastors say,  
Inventing new attractions.  
Bill Sunday preached by telephone  
To save Chicago's morals;  
The shipping bill  
Is quite a pill,  
And Congress tuned its chorals.

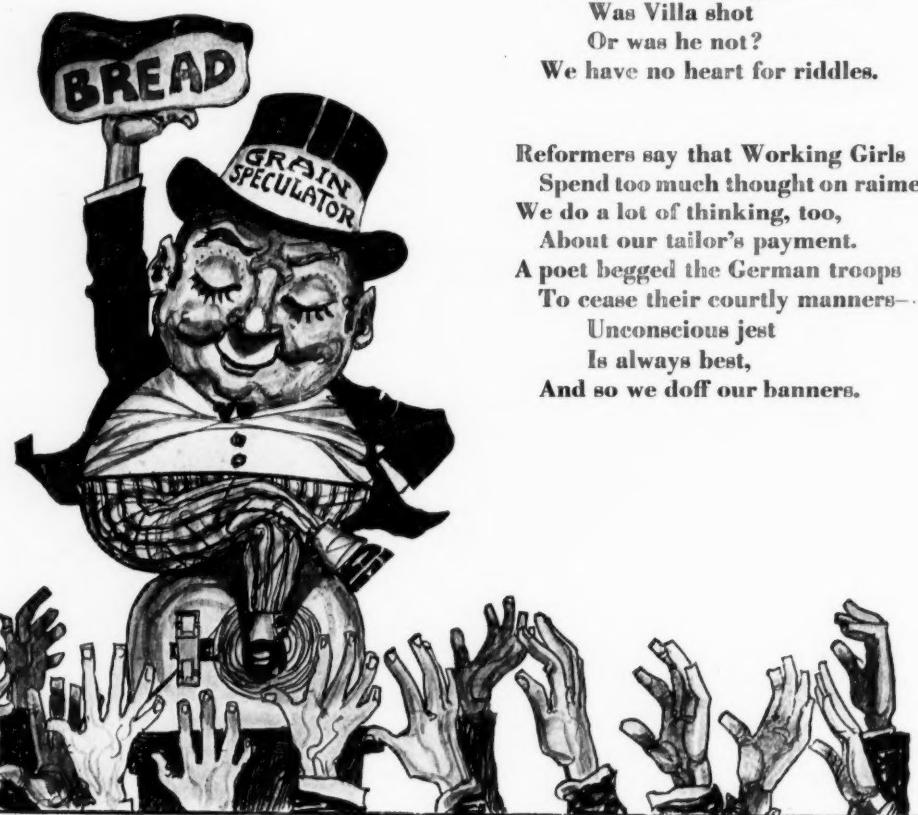
In Iceland, where the ladies vote,  
The bars are like Sahara;  
We think we'll sell our loaf of bread  
And buy a nice tiara.  
The Kaiser says he does not feel  
At all Napoleonic;  
It seems as though  
The lovely snow  
Was almost waxing chronic.

Ten tons of coal were laid to rest  
In Mr. Wilson's cellar;  
Miss Frances Starr—we saw the show—  
Is positively stellar.  
West Africa is short of soap—  
Will no kind soul relieve her?  
The Thinking Worm  
Has ceased to squirm—  
Quite sad. Acute brain fever.

The Senate thinks the Moro tribe  
Is living very loosely—  
It seems the Filipino blades  
Get married quite profusely.  
“I killed the bird in self-defense,”  
Cried one who stole a chicken—  
Despite the howl  
The Judge said “Fowl!”  
And jugged the gent for kickin’.

The ground hog told the weather man  
To send old Winter flitting;  
The frenzied Philharmonic Club  
Said “Nit!” to opera knitting—  
We oft have heard the needles drown  
The sad, despairing fiddles;  
Was Villa shot  
Or was he not?  
We have no heart for riddles.

Reformers say that Working Girls  
Spend too much thought on raiment,  
We do a lot of thinking, too,  
About our tailor's payment.  
A poet begged the German troops  
To cease their courtly manners—  
Unconscious jest  
Is always best,  
And so we doff our banners.



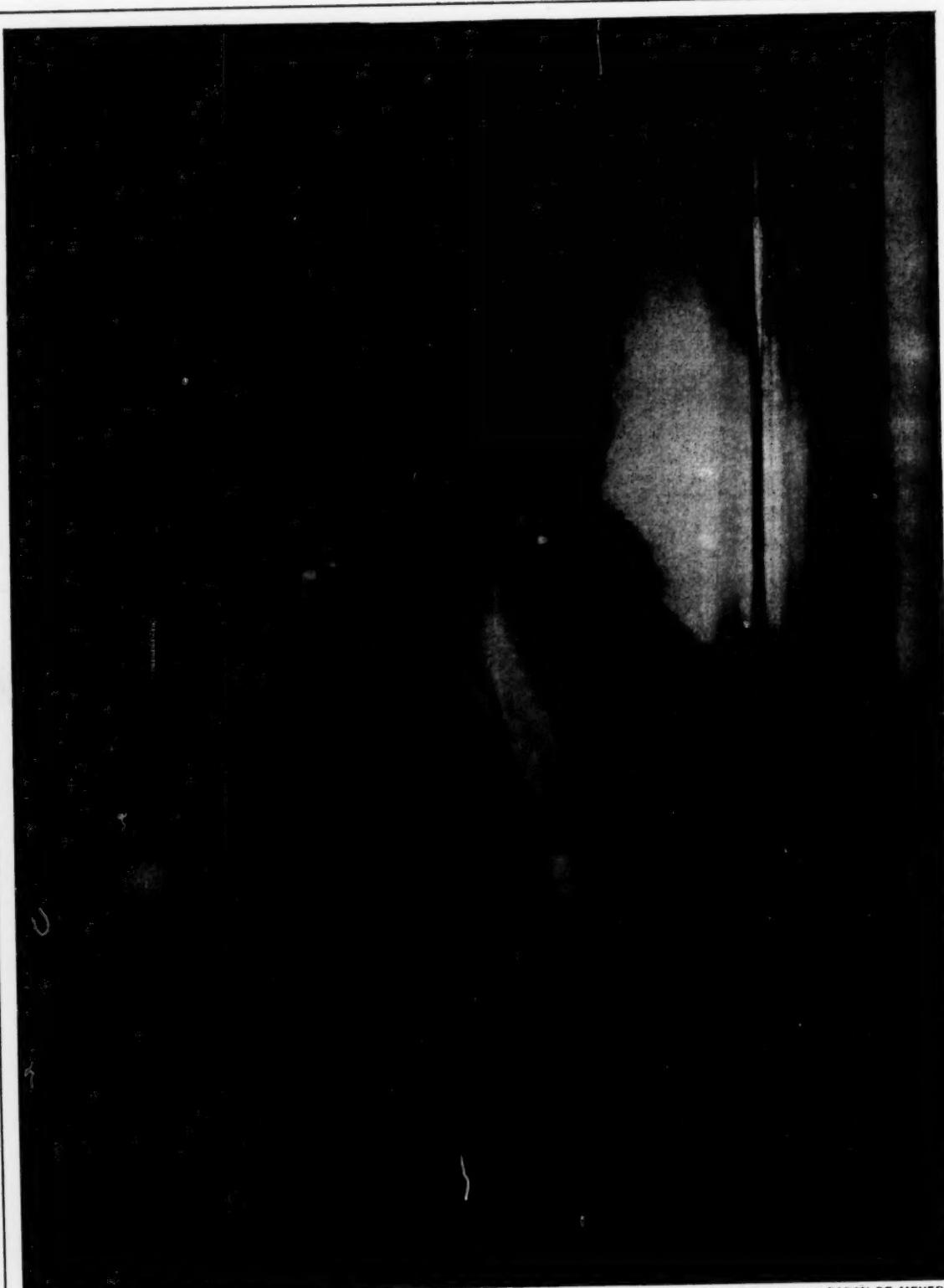
*Ruck*



PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER

*BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*

*Puck*



PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER

*BLACK PEARLS*

ALCO-GRAVURE, INC., N. Y.



## ON THE OTHER HAND—

By Simeon Strunsky

Illustrated by Hy Mayer

"The secret of my unapproachable literary style, as you are pleased to call it?" said the Rev. William A. Sunday. He smiled and let his gaze rest fondly upon an exquisite Manet over the mantel. "There is no secret. My formula is the same that all masters of style have made use of—hard work. Such small success as I



well-modulated tone of a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. His fingers toyed with a volume of George Meredith bound in pearl suede.

"Yes," he said, "some of my speeches have been rewritten as many as half a dozen times. Only through the exercise of perpetual vigilance is it possible to keep the vulgarisms of every day from creeping into one's finished work. I have labored over a sermon for weeks, and then, in the printer's proof, I have encountered words, phrases, entire sentences which I can only explain as having been produced in moments of complete aberration. Take this bit of galley-proof, for instance. Observe the emendations and substitutions. You will then be in a position to understand the effort that enters into the making of a style."

The passage indicated on the galley-slip was as follows:

Come on bull-necked, beetle-hog-Appreahc, you-heavy-laden, tender-browed, quiv-jowled, peanut-brained, weasel-four-flushers, ering-gently-trained, soft-eyed doubters, dream-false-alarms and excess baggage. ore-and-timid-ones.

"You will observe," said Mr. Sunday, "that between my natural form of expression and the style which I have developed in the course of time, there is a very appreciable degree of variation. Let me confess. After more than a dozen years of continuous practice I still find myself slipping into the phraseology of every day. When I am off my guard I am as likely

as not to say 'Be on your guard against the Fiend.' That sentence may have to be re-written a dozen times before it assumes its final form, 'Pipe the guy with the marcelled tail.'"

"You see," said Mr. Sunday, glancing hastily through the editorial columns of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "when a man affiliates himself with the Y. M. C. A. at the age of twenty-four, as I did, and remains in constant communion with educated men and well-written books for twenty-seven years, as I have done, it requires a very distinct effort to recall the manners and vocabulary of the time when I was a lad of twenty-one playing professional baseball in Chicago. If you will consider that my baseball career lasted only half a dozen years and that I have been out of the game for nearly thirty years, you will understand the labor involved. What makes it infinitely more difficult is that there is no such thing as the perfect style. Like Stevenson, like



In constant communion with well-written books

Hazlitt, like Gustave Flaubert, I lie awake nights searching, searching for the magic word.

I never re-read my printed speeches without a shudder. Everywhere I discover stock phrases, shabby metaphor, cliches. It's horrible. I find myself speaking of 'sinners' where I should have said 'slobs' and I speak of the angelic host in white robes where I should have said 'Jaegers.' But what would you have?"

"It's part of the writing game," suggested the interviewer. "We are all up against the same thing."

Just for a moment Mr. Sunday looked puzzled. "Oh, yes," he said, "Life too frequently

brings us without warning to the brink of the precipice or into an *impasse*. And what then?"

"One must go to it," suggested the interviewer.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Sunday. "Ah, yes. As you say, one must rally all the forces of one's being; one must conquer by sheer force of will."

The interviewer took courage.

"There is another phase of your style," he said, "which has aroused even greater admiration, if that is possible, than your copious vocabulary. I refer to those oratorical climaxes in which you slide twenty feet across the platform and brain the devil with the ice pitcher. How do you manage it?"

"Again the same familiar 'secret,'" laughed Mr. Sunday, fondling a Louis XIV snuff box. "Hard work, preparation, constant training. That is why I never live in hotels. I need a back yard to work up my rhetorical climaxes as you call them. When I come to New York I expect to make my home at some convenient road house in Westchester. I have been recommended to one where Bob Fitzsimmons used to train."

"Is twenty feet an exceptional performance?" said the interviewer.

"In Pittsburgh," said Mr. Sunday, "I once did twenty-one feet and just missed the principal contralto. That night I had seven hundred converts. I've done twenty-two feet, nine inches in practice, which I believe is a world record for ordained clergymen. When I get time I expect to introduce the new hook-slide into my work, possibly in a sand-pit."

He picked up the piano score of "Goetterdämmerung" as a sign that the interview was at an end.



## A VALUABLE TIP

"We were slowly starving to death," remarked the famous explorer at the boarding house table, "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them, and thus sustained life."

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud!" exclaimed the dyspeptic boarder. "The landlady might hear you."

## NO DESCRIPTION

**AMERICAN:** Surely you must know Senor Gonzales from your village in Mexico. Why, he was President of your Republic not so very long ago.

**MEXICAN:** You'll have to give me a more definite description than that. What does he look like?

## FORCE OF HABIT

"See here, boss, I ordered tripe and beans with coffee, and the waitress has brought me a lettuce sandwich and a cup of weak tea."

"You must excuse her, sir. All due to absent-mindedness. She's a former society girl and she can't seem to grasp the idea that a quick lunch is not a function."



In  
States  
Day by  
increas  
In  
of the



"HENCE, VILE CREATURE!"  
A LITTLE LESSON IN ALCOHOLIC COMPARATIVES

### WEAKNESS

I never met a perfect man  
(The Golden Age is yet far distant);  
I've yet to see the one who can,  
Try as he may, be quite consistent.  
Smith is well dressed, well read, polite,  
His taste a pace has always set us—  
Till we observed with grief, last night,  
He sprinkled sugar on his lettuce!

Brown is an educated chap—  
Old Harvard was his Alma Mater;  
He dotes on Ruskin, and can cap  
Quotations out of Walter Pater.  
He has a keen, discerning mind  
In style and rhetoric, but—is it  
Not sad?—he always says "those kind,"  
And thinks that Shelley is "ex-QUIS-ite."

There's Jones, whose haughty spirit loathes  
The hand-me-downs that we're content with;  
He buys the most expensive clothes  
Whose hues his socks and ties are blent with.  
And yet—this stylish fellow who's  
Well known as one of Fashion's martyrs,  
Wears drawers that all but meet his shoes,  
Wears safety-pins instead of garters!

Charles scorns to split infinitives  
But thinks "preventatives" good diction;  
James roasts C. Dickens, but forgives—  
Nay, e'en approves—De Morgan's fiction.  
And there's Augustus, sweet and kind  
In all but these two things that hurt us—  
He shaves his neck around behind,  
And likes the works of Fra Elbertus!

Ted Robinson

### THE PORK BARREL BECOMES A HOGSHEAD

In the last half of the year 1914, the customs receipts of the United States fell off fifty million dollars, due almost wholly to the European war. Day by day, a growing demand is voiced for a heavy expenditure in increasing the efficiency of our army and navy.

In spite of these two facts, there has been reported out of committee of the House of Representatives, a Rivers and Harbors Bill appropriating

the sum of \$34,138,580 for the most nonsensical waterway "improvements" that this notorious bill has carried in many years.

Friends of the Administration have been earnest in their counsel that the leaders in Congress exert every effort to hold the lower House in check in its apparently uncontrollable greed for "pork." That these well-wishers are doomed to disappointment seems now almost a certainty.

An analysis of the Rivers and Harbors "pork barrel" this session brings to light an astounding liberality with the public purse. A Florida sand-dune, with a population of thirty-two persons, receives an appropriation of \$100,000 for dredging an inlet through which, in busy times, a fleet of rowboats come and go. In fact, it is Florida, with its almost negligible commerce, that is in receipt of the most generous gratuities under the provisions of this iniquitous measure.

The taxpayer, as he deposits a war tax for his telephone conversation, will not easily forget this \$100,000 poured into a constituency of thirty-two citizens, for digging a channel to aid a commerce that does not exist, and never will exist. As efficiency in government gets in step with efficiency in business, this same taxpayer is going to turn inquiring eyes upon bridges built for phantom traffic, and marble custom houses, honey-combed with sinecures, erected to collect imposts where imports are unknown.

It is pretty cheap politics that would divert an appropriation for log-rolling when the entire credit of the world will be in a state of disorganization for years to come. The United States might, at least, in this crisis set an example for thrift.

## The Telephone Unites the Nation



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have beheld the nation as it is today.

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# Puck

## THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 11)

who rejoices in unrelieved misery and sorrow. You can take a bath of both at the Empire, and then doubly relish your return to commonplace life, and its minor discomforts. But there are sympathetic touches, and no little technical mastery. For those who are low-spirited, and see existence through pessimistic spectacles, I recommend "Chin-Chin" (Fred Stone could make dolorous Dante crack a smile); but for the robust of nerves I council a visit to Miss Barrymore and her new play—in which you can fairly wallow in melancholy. At least, "The Shadow" is a real play. Her support, including Bruce McRae, Ernest Lawford, Grace Ellison, is excellent.

I'd rather see "Ninety in the Shade," at the Knickerbocker, with Marie Cahill and Richard Carle, than go again to the revival of "The Critic," at the Princess; though, for the present generation such revivals are necessary lest they forget that a man named Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote for the theatre. But this revival is not in the key of Sheridan. It's too modern by half, and when you say that you say everything. The Puff of B. Iden Payne stood out in relief to the general tepidity of his colleagues. Of the newest success at the Belasco Theatre, "Marie-Odile," a miracle play by the clever Edward Knoblauch, with the popular Frances Starr in the title role, I'll deal with later; suffice to say now, that despite the strangeness of the theme—which may have been suggested by Maeterlinck's poem about an errant nun—the piece achieved an immediate triumph.

At the Punch and Judy Theatre, "The Clever Ones," by Alfred Sutro, was given its American premiere, and proved rather thin in characterization and construction. Yet, in the capable hands of pretty Marie Lohr, Holman Clark, and Gerald du Maurier, the trifle was well liked in London. Perhaps the assignment of the parts here is not conducive to a satisfactory interpretation. As a matter of record the action dragged. The theme has been more adequately treated by Joseph Conrad, in a well-known story of his concerning well-born amateur anarchists. At the Irving Place Theatre, tragedy, comedy, farce, and picture films are in order. Manager Rudolf Christians is an adept at giving his patrons well-seasoned variety. A funny piece is "Die Spanische Fliege," by Franz Arnold and Ernst Bach, the American "adaptation"—a slightly misleading term—of which was shown here earlier in the season, and entitled, "The High Cost of Loving." It's better in the original; certainly, it's more comical and spontaneous, mechanical as is its facture. The spontaneity, I am bound to admit, is the result of the acting by Mr. Christian's capital organization.

**New Operas** Manager Gatti-Casazza is not letting the grass grow beneath his feet this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. In addition to the revival of Weber's "Euryanthe"—practically a new work for this generation of opera-goers—he has given us a new Carmen in the lithe and sinuous person of Geraldine Farrar, revived "Les Huguenots," "Fidelio," "The Magic Flute," and now has to his credit "Madame Sans-Gene," by Umberto Giordano. The book is modelled after Sardou's successful play of the same name, by Renato Simoni, and is neat in workmanship. We all remember Kathryn Kitter in the English dramatic version at the Broadway Theatre, and how James K. Hackett carried off the evening's honors as De Neipperg. When Rejane came on the scene—wasn't it at the Knickerbocker?—she proved to be the original Catharine. It is a play which appeals to everyone. Sardou was a master of the theatrical stencil; a scribe who happened to have met Sarah Bernhardt, and became her dramatic tailor for all sorts of weather. The washerwoman with the pert tongue and her juxtaposition to the great little Napoleon is a very alluring antithesis for a playmaker—as they say in "high-brow" circles. Of Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," produced under the consulship of Mapleson, at the Academy of Music, in 1896, I only remember that the musical score was written in the key of C major throughout; i. e., all the key-changes figured as accidentals, and there was in consequence some mild cursing by the band. But of the music, of the singers, absolutely no spoor in my memory. "Fedora," also set by the same composer, I disliked, and "Siberia" I didn't hear. But the sheer cleverness and ship-shape construction of "Madame Sans-Gene" carried it "over" here—it's first production on any stage. Mind you, it's not genuinely felt or profound music-making, but neither is the play profound. Giordano has contrived for it an operatic atmosphere in the modern Italian style, swift and brittle, and has allowed the action room enough to circulate freely; in a word, an effective work, not unduly original, and containing plenty of "fat" for the principals. The quotations of revolutionary songs are the best things in the score. Miss Farrar has rich opportunities for her lively comedy, and Amato, as Napoleon, a part in which he shines, both vocally and in acting. The production was all it should have been, and Toscanini lavished upon the music his astounding virtuosity as a conductor. The success was unquestionable. This year's "Ring of the Nibelungs" opened with a sold-out house for Rheingold—a regular "Carmen" matinee crowd—and the magnificent prologue to the magnificent music-epic was worthily interpreted. Alfred Hertz was at the helm, and received an ovation. A fuller consideration of the Wagner Trilogy will be given when it is completed.

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Has gladdened the hearts of its recipients for over a century and is still the prime favorite among those who relish a pure, strengthening rye. Always uniform in purity and quality. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



**THE WAR AT A DISTANCE**

**MARTIAN ASTRONOMER:** Judging from the enormous number and extent of those new trenches on the Earth, I imagine the Terrestrials are sending some sort of signals to us!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

**PUSSY DE TROP IN JERSEY**

Men do curious stunts to purchase a transient notoriety. Back in the '80's, Bill Jones used to eat glass. Then Steve Brodie took to jumping off bridges. To-day, the average American who finds himself suddenly elected to office immediately begins to legislate against domestic pets.

New Jersey furnishes the latest; a measure now pending in its legislature is entitled:

An act prohibiting any person from keeping or harboring any cat without first procuring a license.

It then goes on to state that all cats in the State must be registered and tagged—perhaps by flying a small owner's burgee from their erect tails—under penalty of destruction "by any officer charged with the enforcement of any of the laws of this State."

We are reliably informed that the New Jersey Legislature will next undertake to curb the activities of the vicious canary bird. Certain parts of the State have been terrorized recently by huge flocks of these birds, that have torn asunder the bars of their cages and escaped, spreading devastation before them.

Jerseymen, finding themselves helpless against the attacks of these powerful feathered invaders, the Legislature has been appealed to for drastic legislation. Being its duty to legislate on any and all occasions, against man or beast, weather, wind or water, this able body may be depended upon to come to the rescue of its citizens with some A No. 1 legislation.

Can you picture a roomful of grown men, charged with the business of running a sovereign State, solemnly wasting their time and the State's money by "legislating" cats out of existence—with nine lives to each cat?

**SEEING FATHER**

"Young man, is there any insanity in your family?"

"Why—er—yes. I'm crazy about your daughter."

Frequently the man who marries late in life finds it was too early.

**SUNNY BROOK**  
INSPECTOR  
The PURE FOOD Whiskey

As A Pleasant Beverage and A Pure, Wholesome Tonic It Has No Equal.

For Sale Everywhere

**If You Like to Hunt, Fish or Camp**  
You will enjoy the National Sportsman

Magazine, with its 160 richly illustrated pages, full to overflowing with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing-tackle, camp-outfits—the best places to go for fish and game, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is just like a big campfire in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and spin stirring yarns about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun.

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER**

Send us 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send you the National Sportsman for three months, also one of our newly-burnished Ornate 14-karat Gold Watch Fobs as here shown, with seal grain leather strap and gold-plated buckle.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in PUCK."

**HOW IT SEEMED**

**WILLIS:** How do you do that new dance?

**GILLIS:** You hop four times on your partner's feet, take eight steps on the dress of the woman behind you, turn on your ankle and then glide on your neck.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

**Your Talent Developed**

by the ZIM Correspondence School of Cartooning, Comic Art and Caricature. For information, send 4c. in stamps.  
Dept. W., HORSEHEADS, N.Y.

**The Correct Shirt for Dress Wear****White Tucked At \$1.50**

**THE SHIRT OF THE HOUR** for dress—sometimes called "Mushroom Plaits"—a shirt that would be hard to find anywhere at \$2, and that many haberdashers sell for \$3. Fine fabrics, well made, with the fashionable, soft, turn back cuffs.

**The Shirt for Dancing**

Sent by Parcel Post to Any Point in America

**ABRAHAM AND STRAUS**  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

**Any One of These Popular Four-Color Pictures Free With a Three Months' Subscription to PUCK at \$1.10**

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU



SAFETY FIRST



GRAPE SHOT

These prints are reproductions in four colors, size 11x14 inches, of PUCK Covers, on heavy plate paper, ready for framing. Single prints 25 cents each; all three to one address for 65 cents

**SPECIAL OFFER** The regular price of these popular prints is 25c. each. On receipt of \$1.10 we will enter your name for a three months' trial subscription to PUCK and will also send any one of the above pictures postpaid to any address. These are among the handsomest prints we have ever issued, and are especially adapted for dens, offices, club-rooms, etc. Send stamps, or a dollar bill and ten cents in stamps, or a check for the full amount.

Puck Publishing Corporation, 301 Lafayette St., New York

Puck, 301 Lafayette Street, New York

I enclose \$1.10, for which you will please enter my subscription to PUCK for three months and sent me the print indicated.

Name.....

Name of Print:

Address.....

City.....

Buck

**SILENCE IS GOLDEN**

**SHE:** That little blonde hasn't had a line in ten minutes, and yet she is the highest paid member of the company. Just think! The manager pays her \$1,000 a week just for keeping her mouth shut.

**HE:** Yes, and I know three other fellows around town that are paying her for doing the same thing.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

**SQUELCHED HIM**

**RASTUS:** So yo wife am one of dem Suffragettes? Why don't yo show her de evil ob sech pernicious doctrine by telling her her place am beside de fireside?

**SAMBO:** Huh! She dun shoot back by sayin' dat if it wasn't foh her takin' in washin' dere wouldn't be any fireside.

**RAW MATERIAL**

"What sort of a man is he?"  
"I think he'd be a forger if he knew how to write."

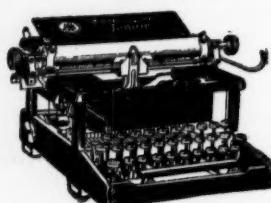
**Automobile Eye Insurance needed after Exposure to Sun, Winds and Dust. Murine Eye Remedy freely applied affords reliable relief. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort—Try Murine.**

**62 Varieties Pure bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and fine plumage. Prize winners at the world's largest shows. Lowest prices on stock and eggs. Incubators, hatching and poultry supplies. Large Illus. Catalog for 4c. C. M. ATWOOD, Box 20, Dundee, Minn.**

**WANTED — AN IDEA!**

**WHO** can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 165, Washington, D. C.

## A Portable Typewriter Remington Junior



As durable as the standard Remington. Weight less than half the standard model. For the traveler and for the home.

Authors, clergymen, physicians, students and others wanting a compact, small, reliable typewriter, will welcome this machine as solving for them the typewriter problem.

Price, with dust-proof cover \$50.00  
With leather traveling case 57.50

For Catalogue and Full Particulars Address

**Remington Typewriter Company**  
(INCORPORATED)

325-331 Broadway - New York

**OLD DOMINION LINE****ATTRACTIVE TOURS to the SUNNY SOUTH**

NEW YORK to OLD POINT COMFORT, NORFOLK and RICHMOND

Special 4-Day, All Water Tour  
888 miles of all water travel \$18.00 Including all expenses afloat and ashore

Convenient connections to and from Southern Resorts, with wide choice of "Circle Tours"

Every week day at 3 P. M. from Pier 25, N. R., New York. Send for illustrated pamphlet No. 32.

J. J. Brown, Gen'l Pass. Agt.  
W. L. Woodrow,  
Traffic Manager



In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in *The New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*."

# A DOUBLE RECORD

During the past six months the "New Yorker Staats-Zeitung" gained more circulation than any other newspaper in America.

During the month of December the "New Yorker Staats-Zeitung" gained more paid advertising than any other New York newspaper.

### Total Advertising in Agate Lines for December 1914, Daily and Sunday

Compiled by Statistical Department, The New York Evening Post

	1914	1913	Gain	Loss
<b>Staats-Zeitung</b>	<b>416,563</b>	<b>345,572</b>	<b>70,991</b>	...
American	667,185	775,644	...	98,459
Brooklyn Eagle	673,641	765,517	...	91,876
Journal	694,039	672,480	21,559	...
Evening Mail	412,481	429,609	...	17,128
Evening Post	310,887	339,893	...	29,006
Evening Sun	427,411	380,992	46,419	...
Evening Telegram	533,507	535,596	...	2,089
Evening World	525,148	594,183	...	69,035
Globe	431,344	434,317	...	2,973
Herald	605,427	690,066	...	84,639
Press	183,471	265,794	...	82,323
Standard Union	460,993	547,024	...	86,031
Sun	275,902	354,001	...	78,099
Times	758,588	813,694	...	55,106
Tribune	220,236	202,389	17,847	...
World	746,587	885,617	...	139,030

This double record speaks for itself—and it means that the German reading public and the advertisers have realized the tremendous influence of the

## New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung

"The National German Daily"

HERMAN RIDDER, Publisher

**POINT OF VIEW**

**TRAMP:** Dey mus' be crazy to act like dat wit' all dat food in front of 'em.

**THE CAREFUL ONE**

Once there was a man so prudent and careful that he never traveled on Saturdays, Sundays, or rush days because of the chance that he might be hurt.

"The man who keeps well and whole," said he, "is the man who stays home when the mob goes forth."

So, when the trolley cars were full to overflowing, and the excursion steamers were black with people, and the railroads were running 'em in three sections, and the park was full of autos and taxicabs, and the boulevards were sizzling with motorcycles, this prudent citizen stocked himself with all the newspapers and stayed at home, out of harm's way.

One Sunday, after dinner, he stretched himself out on the family couch and blissfully contemplated his own superior sense as compared with that of the great mass of population. So soothing and satisfying were his thoughts that he fell asleep, and when his family found him — which they did without difficulty, for he made considerable holler — they found him on the floor with a broken collar-bone and a dislocated shoulder. He fell only about eight inches at that, or the distance from the couch to the floor.

**MORAL:** If you've got it coming to you, there's no use trying to dodge it.

Marriages are made in Heaven — chiefly for the export trade.

**SUPERSTITIOUS**

**FIRST POLITICIAN:** Bump is very superstitious.

**SECOND POLITICIAN:** Yes. Too much so. Why, he won't even put a dead man on the pay-roll.

**PRINTS from PUCK**

An interesting and handsome catalogue of the most notable prints that have appeared in America's *Cleverest Weekly*, sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

Puck

301 Lafayette Street, New York City

**La Follette**

believes in the American people. He believes that YOU should know the TRUTH about the inside workings of YOUR government and the records of your representatives at Washington.

So with the help and approval of a score of other fighters for the common good, Senator La Follette established

**La Follette's Magazine**

devoted to fearless discussion of the most important public questions, and has departments for the home, special articles, stories, a Farm Department, fiction, humor, important news of the world.

Published monthly. Regular price \$1.00 per year. To permit you to get acquainted with the magazine we will send it to you on trial.

**3 Months for 25c.**

Simply send a quarter with your name and address to

**LA FOLLETTE'S, Box 45, Madison, Wis.**

**My \$3.00 Exerciser Reduced to \$1.00**  
Until further notice I will send one complete

**Muscle Builder Outfit**

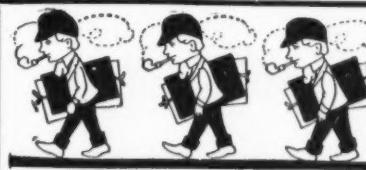



to any reader of PUCK upon receipt of \$1.00 — just one-third the regular price. I will also include a complete body-building course of instructions containing 50 selected exercises. The Muscle Builder will meet the requirements of any person—weak or strong—man, woman or child. Can be used to exercise any muscle in the body.

**A CHEST EXPANDER ALSO**

With each outfit I will give an extra handle, without charge, by which the Muscle Builder can instantly be converted into a most effective Chest Expander to be used for developing the chest and lungs. Take advantage of this opportunity while it lasts. Send your order to-day.

**PROF. ANTHONY BARKER**  
Studio 400  
110 West 42d Street, NEW YORK



**BE AN ARTIST**  
ALL BRANCHES OF ART TAUGHT BY MAIL  
WE BUY OUR STUDENTS' DRAWINGS  
DRAWING FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. ARTISTS ARE IN DEMAND

Our practical system of personal instruction and lessons by mail will develop your talent. Eighteen years of successful work for Newspapers and Magazines is the basis for the efficient method employed in this course.  
We use our students' work in our syndicate, thereby making a reputation and getting their names before the Editors, Publishers, etc.  
A practical school that teaches practical work. Write at once for our Illustrated Magazine with terms and list of successful pupils who have made good and whose work appears in the leading periodicals and newspapers in the United States.

**ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS. Mort. M. Burger, Director**  
FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY  
DAY CLASSES      EVENING CLASSES      MAIL INSTRUCTION

 **The Nation** 

10c Copy      10c Copy

**America's Foremost Critical Review**

Beginning with the first issue in March the subscription price of THE NATION will be \$4.00. But all subscription orders postmarked before March 1 will be accepted at the old rate of \$3.00 a year.

**FOR THOSE WHO WANT**

Informal letters from distinguished people  
Expert opinions of the new plays

Vigorous, fearless editorials

Good reviews of good books

— for such readers, THE NATION

is far and away the best

periodical published in America.

PUCK

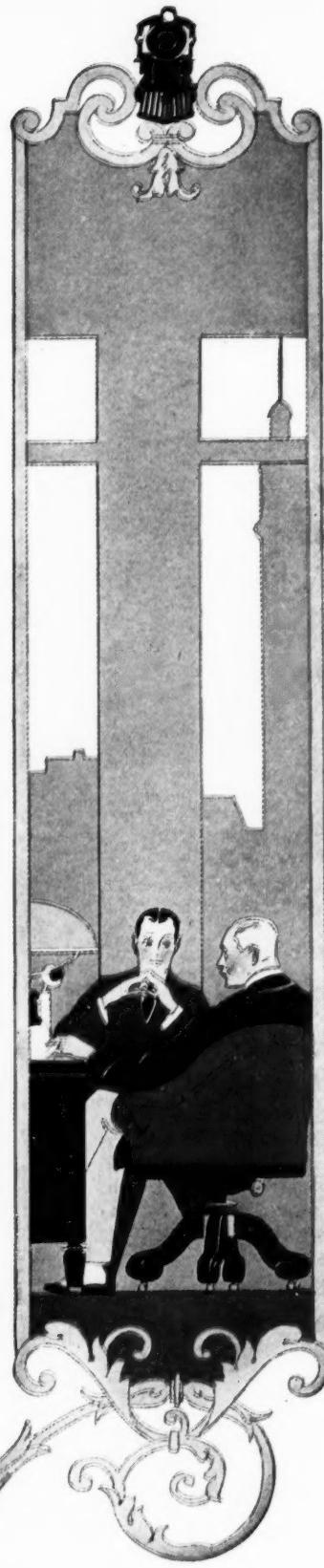
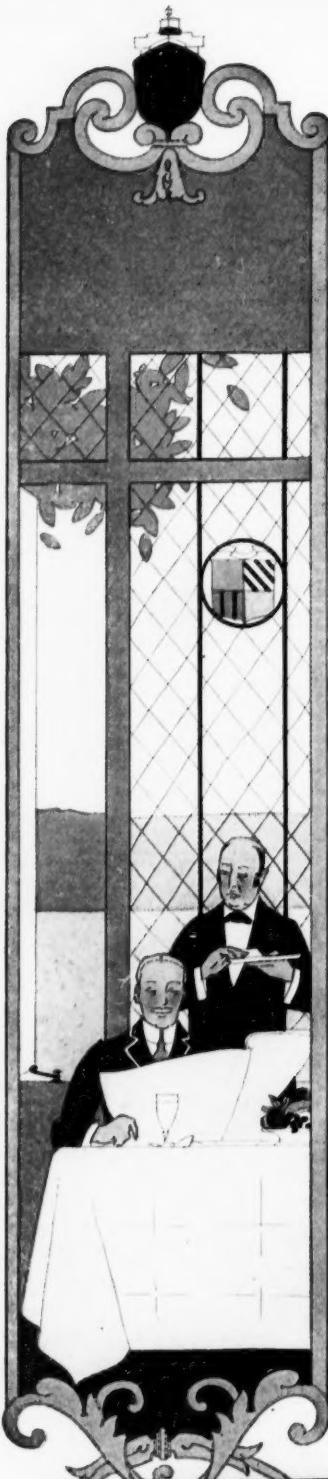
**THE NATION**  
20 Vesey Street  
New York City

Enclosed find \$3.00.  
Send THE NATION  
one year to

Name.....

No. .... Street.....

R. F. D. .... P. O. .... State.....



# PIERCE- ARROW

The mind of the owner of a Pierce-Arrow does not run on ahead of him in vain speculation as to whether the car will be on time, or will get him there on time. He soon sinks into a feeling of trustfulness in regard to his Pierce-Arrow. He need never interrupt his plans, break an engagement, allow greater time for going to and fro, or omit doing anything that counts upon the faithful efficiency of a Pierce-Arrow.

**THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.**  
**BUFFALO**                    **NEW YORK**

